Quicksilver

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Quicksilver

by Weconqueratdawn

Summary

Will is a 19 year old genderfluid psychology student, who meets Hannibal for a paper he's writing. Hannibal has no chill whatsoever.

A fic which happened because of a conversation I had with theseavoices, who has made some incredible art to go alongside this. I blame her :)

At the sound of the door opening, Will looked up and his eyes briefly flicked over Hannibal's form in the doorway before he stood up. Distantly, Hannibal noted that it had been some time since he'd been this wrong-footed, and took a moment to appreciate that fact. Perhaps he had got into the bad habit of assuming he couldn't be surprised anymore.

"Dr Lecter? I'm Will Graham." Will extended his hand to shake Hannibal's, his palm warm and soft and sure. "Thank you again for agreeing to meet with me."

Notes

The simply incredible art is by theseavoices and you can view it here.

Huge, huge thanks to lordofthelesbians for putting up with me talking about nothing else for a week and to wraithsonwings for beta and cheerleading.

It is highly likely there will be more of this at some point, I just loved writing this too much for there not to be.

See the end of the work for more notes

The last client of the day left punctually at six, leaving Hannibal ample time to arrange his notes and prepare for his evening appointment. He had decided to grant an interview to a student, a relatively rare occurrence. The request had come with an impressive letter of recommendation and had detailed an interesting proposal which Hannibal had been intrigued by.

Dear Dr Lecter,

I hope you will not mind my contacting you unsolicited. I am a psychology student at Johns Hopkins with a particular interest in criminal profiling and abnormal psychology. Recently I read your paper on social exclusion and if you could spare me a few minutes of your time I would like to ask you a few questions, particularly about your comments on the links between social exclusion

and aggression. Also, if it would not be too much of an imposition, I would welcome your thoughts on a paper I am writing.

I enclose a letter of recommendation from my mentor, Dr Jack Crawford, and the proposal for my paper, which I hope you will find interesting reading.

I very much hope we can meet.

Sincerely yours,

Will Graham

When seven o'clock came, Hannibal crossed the room and opened the door to the waiting room.

He had expected to find a rather unremarkable-looking college student, perhaps in chinos and a button-down shirt. Instead, sitting with bare legs stretched out and hunched over to read the book resting in her lap, was something else entirely. Hannibal caught his assumption that his visitor would be male - Will could easily be short for a number of girls' names, particularly Germanic ones.

At the sound of the door opening, Will looked up and his eyes briefly flicked over Hannibal's form in the doorway before he stood up. Distantly, Hannibal noted that it had been some time since he'd been this wrong-footed, and took a moment to appreciate that fact. Perhaps he had got into the bad habit of assuming he couldn't be surprised anymore.

"Dr Lecter? I'm Will Graham." Will extended his hand to shake Hannibal's, his palm warm and soft and sure. "Thank you again for agreeing to meet with me."

Instead of allowing himself to be thrown, Hannibal smiled and stepped back so Will could enter his office. "Please, come in."

Will gathered up his belongings and crossed the threshold, and stood for a moment taking it in - the high ceiling, the alcoves, the mezzanine library, and the softly illuminated desk in the centre. As he did so Hannibal used the opportunity to study Will.

He was dressed simply but strikingly in a red checked shirt-dress and chunky black ankle boots, like he'd seen on hundreds of teenage girls. The sleeves were rolled up and he was holding a bulging rucksack and with an oversized khaki-coloured parka with a fake fur hood thrown over one arm. The bare legs and forearms on display were decidedly masculine, if young and slender. His hair was neither decidedly long or short. It just grazed his shoulders and when a stray curl fell across his face he tucked it behind his ear carelessly.

Overall the effect was stunning, the delicate beauty of his young face both enhanced and offset both by his clothing, his reddened lips and darkened lashes, and the artlessness of his movements.

Hannibal noted the impulse to offer to take his bag and coat, and determined that the time for frankness had arrived.

"Which are your preferred pronouns?"

Will turned to look at him. "People don't usually ask me that." Hannibal felt an assessing gaze pass over him, as if Will was the one interviewing him, then he said with a shrug. "I'm glad you did

though. Whatever you feel comfortable with, I really don't mind.”

Hannibal nodded once. “As you wish, I thought it better not to presume.”

“The only issue I have with pronouns are the expectations they create in others.”

“I already have unorthodox expectations of you, based on your request for an interview.” Hannibal motioned for Will to sit at his desk. “The other chairs are more comfortable but as this conversation is between two psychology professionals this seating arrangement may be more appropriate.”

Will dropped his bag next to the chair and sat, coat on his knee as he leaned forward to collect a notebook and pen from the rucksack. Hannibal made a swift decision and held his hand out for the coat.

“Allow me to hang that up for you.”

The smile he received was fleeting but brilliant. “Thanks,” Will said, the rosiness in his cheeks a little more pronounced. “I'm hardly a professional. Yet.”

“Your letter of recommendation was very thorough - you clearly show great promise,” said Hannibal, as he walked to the coat-stand. From Will's coat there came a faint floral scent undercut with citrus and cedar. “Though you appear even younger than I'd expected.”

“I'm on an accelerated programme. I finished high school a year early and won a scholarship for Johns Hopkins.”

Hannibal returned and took his seat opposite Will. “Would you be offended if I asked how old you are?”

“No, I don’t mind. I guess it’s relevant. I'm nineteen.”

Hannibal looked over Will's proposal again. “I have had PhD candidates who have not produced work to this standard. This is why I agreed to see you, and also because I think our professional interests overlap and could prove genuinely beneficial to your paper.”

Another lovely, slightly crooked smile flashed across Will's face. Already Hannibal could see he had a habit of reigning in such displays of pleasure, as if they might get away from him if didn't.

“Thank you, I'm glad you see promise in it.”

Hannibal allowed himself a warm and genuine smile in response. “Now, I believe you have some questions for me?”

Will did, and they came rapidly. His thoughts were well-organised yet he made jumps and connections which made for a genuinely interesting discussion. They spoke well beyond the half hour Hannibal had promised, and he caught himself wondering if he would not like to try his hand at teaching. But then he recalled that not all students were as adept or insightful.

About fifteen minutes past the time originally allotted for the interview, Will noticed the clock. “I've kept you longer than we agreed, Dr Lecter. I'm sorry, you’re going to think I’m rude. You must have many claims on your time,” he said as he put away his notebook.

“There’s no need to apologise, I was perfectly aware of the time. I have enjoyed the experience of meeting you very much. And you must promise to send me a copy of your paper when you write it.”

Will flushed with pleasure. “Your office is amazing, I meant to say so earlier. Especially your library.”

Hannibal considered the situation in front of him, one which unusually he found himself unprepared for. Will was undoubtedly lovely and fascinating to observe, yet it clearly could go no further than that. He was much too young and anyway would likely have no interest in a man of Hannibal’s age and temperament. However instead of seeing him immediately out and sending him back to his dorm, he would detain Will a little longer, if he was willing. It would do no harm and Hannibal could spend a little more time in his company.

“You're welcome to browse, if you like? I am in no hurry and I have a few notes to make before I leave anyway.”

“Really? You wouldn't mind?” Will barely waited for an answer before he was out of his chair.

“Please feel free.”

Will climbed the ladder while Hannibal remained seated, pen poised to add some further thoughts to the notes he reviewed earlier. Instead he considered how it would be possible, by dropping the right words in the right ears, to secure a useful placement for him over the summer. Will need never know how Hannibal had acted on his behalf and such anonymous benevolence would be pleasant. He listened to the steps of Will’s heavy, heeled boots above him, and the unmistakable sound of pages turning. Maybe ten minutes passed before there was an exclamation.

“You have a copy of *Power and Symbol: Aspects of a Modern Pysche*? I asked the library to source it for me but they say it will be three weeks, and then only the Bainbridge abridged edition.”

Hannibal stood, and moved to the middle of room so he could view Will poring over his prize. His hair was falling in his face and there was a little frown between his eyebrows as he skimmed the text. “Why don’t you borrow it?”

Will looked up sharply from its pages, and only then noticed Hannibal watching him from the centre of the room. He came to lean over the bannister.

“This is a valuable book and you’d loan it to someone you only just met?”

“You’ve proved yourself very capable. Why wouldn’t I?”

Will gave him a sidelong look through long lashes as he turned to place the book carefully back on the shelf.

“Have you finished looking or do you need longer?”

“I will stay as long as you allow me to.” Smiling, Will spoke over his shoulder as he continued to browse. Now aware of Hannibal’s presence below, he frequently sought out Hannibal’s gaze as if making sure he was still there.

It was profoundly pleasing to witness him, light fingers brushing over Hannibal's books, clearly enjoying himself. Hannibal was still slightly amazed at his very existence or that such an unusual and lovely creature could just appear in his waiting room one day and proceed to roam around his office, unafraid and perfectly at home, while Hannibal watched from a respectful distance.

Eventually, Will descended the ladder. As he did so, his dress hitched higher up his legs and Hannibal politely averted his eyes. He had left the copy of *Power and Symbol* on the shelf.

"You do not wish to borrow it after all?"

"I couldn't, it wouldn't be right. I'd worry I'd lose it or damage it or something. Thank you though."

Suddenly Hannibal couldn't bear the idea that he might never see Will again yet was unclear on what he might do with him if he did. He considered his next set of actions. "If that's the case, why don't you come by and read it here? You may use the waiting room and be relatively undisturbed there."

Will smiled broadly at the floor and shook his head. "If you want to see me again, you only have to ask, Dr Lecter."

Some of his shock must have shown because Will continued to speak. "It's okay, I get that more than you might think. People aren't sure what to do with me and sometimes it comes out in strange ways. I spend a lot of time deliberately confusing frat boys."

"I think you have misunderstood me."

"No I haven't," said Will, patiently but smiling still. "And I meant what I said. All you need do is ask."

There was a short silence until Hannibal, conceding defeat, said, "You are very beautiful, and it seems you know it."

Will smiled ruefully, and looked at the floor. It was the first time he'd shown any hint of shyness. "I usually get called pretty." He raised his head to return Hannibal's gaze, curls falling around his face. "Thank you."

"You are also much too young," said Hannibal, allowing a hint of regret to show in his voice.

Will laughed, scuffing the toe of one boot on the floor unselfconsciously. He gave Hannibal a brilliant grin, teeth very white against his red lips. "Maybe you are too old for me."

Hannibal stepped a little closer, feeling himself drawn in by Will even as his predatory inner self was roused, wanting to advance and claim him as his own. "That's not the impression you are giving me right now."

It was an impossible situation but somehow that made it easier for him to act. There were only two outcomes Hannibal could see. One was to spoil the memory of an exquisite encounter by encouraging this to it's obvious and potentially sordid conclusion. Will seemed unlikely to want the kind of courtship Hannibal would like to lavish on him, and Hannibal struggled to see how he would fit into his life beyond that. This was a rare case where to deny himself would be the best option.

Will met his steady gaze easily. Closer now, Hannibal could see the soft blue-green of his eyes, and how changeable they would be in different lights.

Will shrugged one shoulder carelessly, a teasing smile on his face. “You're an attractive man who shares at least some of my interests and you have an incredible library of books. I could be persuaded to overlook your age.”

“I wonder how many times you’ve been told you’re too impudent for your own good?” Hannibal was at arm’s length from him, near enough to catch the perfume he wore.

That earned him a laugh, a beautiful one which spread across his face and emphasised the bow of his lips. Will angled himself nearer to Hannibal and said, “Or, as I'm already here, you could ask me to stay instead?”

When Hannibal didn’t answer, he went on, “I know I’m young and I look even younger, but I'm not innocent. I may not have as much experience as you but I know exactly what I want.” Will paused to worry at his lip with his teeth. “In case that was worrying you.”

Hannibal felt his resolve crumble a little. To turn him down flatly would be too cruel. He was such a delicately balanced banquet of confidence, reticence and ingenuousness - it would be criminal to heedlessly damage that special alchemy. Perhaps there was a way he could both express to Will that he was wanted but that Hannibal couldn’t act on it, and how Hannibal could have just a taste of what he desired.

Will was still watching him carefully, nervously biting his lip still but not abashed by what he’d suggested. He was waiting for Hannibal’s decision, which came swiftly. Hannibal stepped forward and reached to cup his cheek. Will tilted his face up, his lips falling open slightly as his tongue darted out to wet them. Hannibal leaned into him, brushing his nose against the tip of Will’s, before capturing his mouth with his own. Will clutched at his arm, and then slid both of his own around Hannibal’s neck. Hannibal kissed him deeply and slowly, as Will pressed against him. It was as good a goodbye as Hannibal thought he’d be able to give.

As he pulled away, he said regretfully, “I cannot ask you to stay, I am sorry. I hope you understand that it’s not because I don’t want to. But please let me drive you home.”

Will looked up at him, a hint of confusion passing over his eyes, but didn’t argue further. He released his arms from Hannibal’s neck and nodded.

The address Will gave was not on the college campus. In the seat next to him, Will checked his reflection in the passenger mirror and reapplied his lipgloss. Hannibal again felt the irrational desire to not let him leave. Having Will sat beside him was bewildering and exhilarating. However even if he could consider the possibility of letting Will into his life somehow, he would likely as not disappear from it as enigmatically as he had appeared. This was the best way, he reminded himself, and tried not to notice how pale and smooth and inviting Will’s bare knees looked, pressed demurely together in the enveloping dark of the car.

As they pulled up outside the house, Will turned to him. “You know how to get in touch with me,” he said, and smiled sweetly. “I hope you do.”

Hannibal said nothing but leaned over and kissed him one last time, softly. He watched as Will swung his legs out of the car, waved and shut the passenger door. Hannibal waited as Will crossed the road, and walked up a driveway. He was greeted by a woman who was sitting on the porch outside, unnoticed by either of them until now. Will went to sit with her, and the last thing Hannibal saw was Will talking and laughing, sitting with his knees drawn up and his skirt falling carelessly down, as he watched Hannibal's car drive away over the woman's shoulder.

Though he thought of Will regularly, Hannibal made no attempt to contact him. Instead he wrote to Jack Crawford - a distant professional acquaintance - to fully express how impressed he had been with Will's conduct and hint that he may be able to put him in touch with useful individuals at a couple of research units. Occasionally he fantasised about finding a way to anonymously fund his studies. Will had mentioned a scholarship but they were varied in what they offered and sometimes came with capricious demands attached. It would surely benefit him to have the kind of financial security Hannibal was capable of arranging. To know that he had furthered Will's career in any of these ways would bring him great satisfaction.

In the evenings, after he had seen his clients for the day, he frequently replayed aspects of that evening. When he glanced up to his bookshelves he could clearly see Will looking at his books, standing unselfconscious and boldly beautiful, frowning a little and pushing his hair behind his ears. Will had not examined the pictures on his walls in any detail but Hannibal could imagine him, almost as if he were still there in the room, walking around and peering closely at them, asking questions and sharing thoughts over his shoulder as he did so. Hannibal sat at his desk and, in his mind, Will continued to roam the office around him - running his hand along the backs of chairs, picking up Hannibal's sketches of him and critiquing them, reading a book on the chaise longue. Every night when he went home, Hannibal left him there knowing he'd find him back there again the next evening.

This continued until one night, at seven o'clock, there was a knock at the office door. Hannibal was not expecting anyone yet knew who it would be before he had crossed the room to open the door.

Will stood in the waiting room. He wore the same coat and boots but had on a different dress, a lighter one, almost summery even though it was barely spring. He said simply, "I'm here to borrow that book we talked about, if the offer is still open?"

Hannibal stood back for a moment, just to look at him. He seemed to be even more lovely then he remembered, and his flirtation was so guileless and unashamed - it was a touching combination. Will must so easily be able to read his desire for him.

"Of course," Hannibal said warmly, and opened the door further. "Please take a seat while I fetch it for you."

Will didn't sit - he remained standing in the centre of the room as Hannibal went up to the shelved books. He spoke no more, only watched and waited.

When Hannibal returned, he passed it to Will and said, "You can still take it home if you wish to."

Will turned the book over thoughtfully in his hands, then met Hannibal's eyes. "I'd prefer to read it in your waiting room. If the offer still stands, Doctor?"

The challenge offered to Hannibal was unmistakable, yet all Hannibal did was politely consent to the use of his waiting room as he walked him back to the door. Will glanced at him once more as the door closed between them.

Hannibal went back to his seat and looked at the papers left unfinished on the desk. He went back to work, and the Will which existed in his mind no longer circled the room.

Instead he could visualise him on the other side of the door, bag on the floor and coat on the chair next to him. A pen in his hand as he made notes in the pad on his lap, hair falling in his eyes, legs crossed at the ankles. He hoped he could say goodbye to him again without disappointing him too much - the glance he had received through the closing door had been questioning but hopeful. To act coldly towards him would be the simplest and clearest message to give but if he did that Hannibal knew he would not be able to forgive himself.

It was the strength of his conviction that it would be terrible thing to cause Will to doubt himself and crush his almost-defiant air, which made Hannibal sigh and put down his pen. He sat for a moment with his palms flat on the desk. It had been a long time since he'd been so affected by another. He focused his breathing and slowed his heart rate, which had been slightly elevated all evening. About an hour had passed since Will had arrived. He considered his options once more - was it possible he'd misjudged Will? Perhaps if he went to speak with him-

There was another knock at the door, before it opened. Will entered holding the book to his chest. He'd left his belongings in the waiting room.

"I've just come to return this and say goodbye - I need to get home now. Thank you for the loan though, it was very useful." He halted a moment, the closest Hannibal had seen him to nervous. "If you really don't want me to, I won't show up here like this again. I'm not crazy or anything. It's just- I couldn't stop thinking about you." He seemed to be on the brink of an apology.

Hannibal was nearly stricken at the thought of Will sat outside his closed office door, imagining himself unwanted and thinking of how to apologise to Hannibal for intruding on him. Wordlessly, he got up from his seat and moved around the desk. He reached out and took the book from Will's hands and placed it neatly on its surface. Will looked uncertainly at him, and for a moment, seemed almost afraid.

Hannibal calmly stepped towards Will and pulled him close, tilting his head so he could bend and kiss him. Will made a little noise of pleasure and curved a smile into Hannibal's mouth, before kissing him back. He was more restrained than during their first kiss, and Hannibal encouraged him on by sliding his fingers through his soft hair and gently teasing his mouth with his own.

Still holding him tightly, Hannibal pulled away to whisper, "Forgive me, I thought you would forget me quickly. You must not think that I didn't want you."

Will slid his hands up Hannibal's arms to his shoulders. "Why didn't you come and find me, then? Is it because I'm too young? Or something else?"

Hannibal turned them both so that Will was slowly backed up against the desk. Will sat on it and opened his legs so Hannibal could step between them. Hannibal bent to kiss him again, harder and more desperate now, as he skimmed his hands up Will's smooth thighs to push up his dress a little.

"Yes, and no. I thought you would not want me as I wanted you, that we were too different. Now I am not so sure."

Will wriggled against him, and tipped his head back as Hannibal kissed down his neck, to his bare shoulders. He sighed when Hannibal grazed a thumbnail over one nipple, hardening under the thin material of the dress.

Hannibal pulled away suddenly and said, “I refuse to let this happen in my office, you deserve so much better. Would you consent if I invited you back to my house?”

In acceptance, Will grinned delightedly up at him.

As soon as Will entered the house Hannibal knew how wrong he'd been about Will not fitting into his life. In his dark palace to artifice and art, Will shone like a jewel, the deep cool colours of his home setting off his pale, rosy colouring. He could imagine a time when he would purchase silks and satins to clothe him and how beautifully he would wear them. Hannibal wondered if Will would like that, if he enjoyed dressing up, what he might say if Hannibal offered to take him shopping.

Will took in Hannibal’s home in much the same manner as he had the office - appreciative and not remotely daunted - but he was much more interested in Hannibal himself than in the objects on display around him. Hannibal led him upstairs without further preamble.

Will’s slight reticence of earlier had been forgotten, judging by how enthusiastically he turned to kiss Hannibal on entering the bedroom. He pressed himself up against Hannibal, unbuttoned his jacket and slipped his hands inside to push it off his shoulders. Hannibal smiled at the return of this bold and daring Will, and complied with his actions before walking him backwards onto the bed. Will grinned and lay down on it, kicking his boots off to reveal red painted toenails, as he slid himself up the bed so Hannibal had to follow. He knelt over him to remove his waistcoat, looking down at Will spread out underneath as he did so. The dress he was wearing was short, his long slender bare legs mostly exposed, and one of its little straps was hanging over his shoulder. Hannibal placed his waistcoat on the ottoman at the end of the bed and then ran his hands up along Will’s legs. Will raised and parted them so Hannibal could lie between them, but Hannibal only kissed his knee and asked, “You said you knew what you wanted. Are you going to tell me what that is?”

Smiling, Will replied, “I’m not a virgin, if that’s what you mean.”

“Hmmn. That’s not an answer.”

Will reached a hand out to him. “How about you come here and kiss me, and I’ll let you know?”

Hannibal did so, stretching out over Will as Will arched up to meet him. He could already feel Will’s hardness pressing into his hip but he restricted himself to touching his face, his arms and his chest. When he rubbed his sharp nipples through the dress, Will let out a needy moan that went straight to his cock. Hannibal mouthed at his neck and did it again, a little harder, and groaned as Will writhed up underneath him. He was utterly lovely, flushed and responsive and vocal, and Hannibal wanted everything Will had to offer him.

As Hannibal pulled back to look down at him, Will’s hands came up between them to begin unfastening his shirt. His eyes were bright and a grey sea-green in the low light, his lips pink even though Hannibal had kissed off some of his lipgloss. Hannibal sat back to slowly push up his dress, enjoying the smooth glide of thin cotton as it moved up over his thighs. Will dropped his hands and

lay back to watch as Hannibal exposed the white lace panties he was wearing. Hannibal exhaled and placed his hand very deliberately on Will's hip, thumb just moving to graze over Will's hard cock, very visible through the lace. Will gasped and lay very still, the muscles in his thighs flexing. Hannibal cupped him, feeling how heated and hard he was, as Will tilted his hips to rub himself gently against Hannibal's palm. The lace was soft and slightly scratchy against his hand as Will moved. Hannibal could feel the growing dampness of the material as wetness welled at the tip of his cock, and pushed his dress up further, revealing Will's pale firm stomach and more white lace above it. Will was panting now, still thrusting his hips lightly, lips slightly parted as he looked up pleadingly at Hannibal.

"Are you going to tell me what you want now?"

"God, yes, touch me please," Will gasped out.

Hannibal smiled and placed a kiss to his stomach, which twitched under his lips. He hooked his fingers under the lace of the waistband and peeled the panties down just far enough to uncover Will's cock, which lay reddened and leaking against his stomach. Hannibal ran his fingers through the fluid pooling at the tip, causing Will to exclaim loudly, and spread it across his palm and down over Will's shaft. Will moaned and thrust into Hannibal's hand, then encouraged him with pleas and soft cries as Hannibal began to stroke him firmly. It was clear Will was not going to last long and Hannibal wanted to see him come like this, desperate and needy and only half-undressed. Will clutched at the bedsheets and arched himself repeatedly into Hannibal's hand, gasping his appreciation. Hannibal watched him for a while before placing his free hand on Will's hips to still them and then stroking him hard and fast. Will still writhed underneath him but he let Hannibal take control until, arching up for the final time, he came suddenly, biting his lip and shooting prettily across his stomach.

Hannibal dipped his head to his stomach to taste him and Will groaned at the sight. He lay back, hair dark and skin flushed against the white pillows, still panting and smiling and already reaching for Hannibal. Hannibal moved to kiss him again, letting him taste himself on Hannibal's lips, as Will hands came back up to finish the job of unbuttoning Hannibal's shirt. He moaned around Hannibal's tongue, sucking on it, before pushing Hannibal back a little so he could gaze up at him through his lashes.

"I know what else I want," he said, with a wide smile, scratching his fingertips gently into the hair on Hannibal's chest.

Hannibal laughed softly, and said, "I suppose I should not be surprised. Whatever you like, my darling, you can have it."

Will grinned delightedly, and moved to sit up. He pulled the dress off over his head and threw it away from the bed, towards the middle of the room. Underneath he was wearing a lacy bra-like vest top which matched his panties. Hannibal ran his hands over his shoulders and plucked at one of the thin straps, then ran his hands up to his chest from his stomach. Will's nipples were hard and showing a lovely dark pink through the fabric, and Hannibal bent to take one in his mouth and suck it gently between his teeth. Will gasped but pulled Hannibal up to kiss him again instead.

"Please do that more, but later," said Will. "Right now I want to suck you, like this."

Will shoved at Hannibal's chest until Hannibal knelt up, and started to undo his fly. Hannibal removed his shirt and then took Will's hands away, to slide off his pants and underwear entirely. He watched as Will stared at his cock, now unencumbered by clothing and standing hard and thick

between them. Will unconsciously licked his lips, and Hannibal had to remind himself that control was needed. It would be much too easy to just slide inside that pink mouth and take what he wanted, but he had promised that Will could have what he liked. He did not move, only waited for Will to decide what happened next.

Will shuffled closer on the bed and tucked his knees under himself, so he could lean in and take Hannibal in his mouth. He sucked lightly on the very tip, and swirled his tongue delicately over the slit, tasting the fluid which leaked from it. Hannibal remained utterly still, with only one hand placed carefully on Will's shoulder. When Will raised his eyes to look at him, Hannibal had to grip his shoulder to prevent himself from pushing into Will's mouth.

Will pulled off him, his lips wet and parted, and said, "You can, you know, you don't need to be gentle with me. In fact I'd prefer it if you weren't." He smiled sweetly and took a firm hold of the base of Hannibal's cock and licked a long, slow, broad stripe from base to tip.

Hannibal made a strangled noise, and had brought his hand to curl gently in Will's hair before he knew what he'd done. Will hummed appreciatively and opened his mouth to slide his lips more fully down the length of Hannibal's thickness, eyes fluttering shut as he did so. Hannibal's hand flexed in Will's hair, tightening for a brief moment, and Will moaned loudly around him. As he pulled back, sucking hard, he gazed challengingly up at Hannibal.

Hannibal did it again, deliberately this time, letting his fingers run through the soft strands of Will's hair and then gripping it. Will pulled back off him entirely to gasp harshly, then again dipped his head to slide his mouth down over Hannibal. With his free hand he squeezed the back of Hannibal's thigh, encouraging him to move. When Hannibal thrust slowly forward, pushing his cock deeper into Will's mouth, Will moaned again and looked imploringly up at him. Hannibal growled and fisted both hands in his hair and, when he held his head in place to slide his cock slowly out of Will's mouth and push back in again, was transfixed at the look of bliss on Will's face.

Will kept his eyes on Hannibal's as Hannibal began to fuck his mouth, twisting his hands in Will's soft curls. Apart from the tight hot suction of his mouth, Will relaxed and let Hannibal thrust between his parted lips, now reddened and swollen. The sight was more than enough to encourage Hannibal on, any doubts he might have had now gone due to the intensity of enjoyment on Will's face. He was hard again too, and lazily stroking himself every so often, though most of his focus was on the push and slide of Hannibal's cock, and on allowing Hannibal to use his mouth however he wanted.

It was wet and messy and Hannibal felt something close to adoration as he watched Will giving himself over to Hannibal's control. It was obvious he loved it, every so often making soft pleased noises, and reaching down to touch himself at the wet sounds his mouth made around Hannibal's cock. Hannibal had to briefly release his hold on his hair to run his thumb along Will's bottom lip, to feel the swell of it as he thrust inside, and through the slippery wetness spreading down his chin. He felt his orgasm building, gathering deep within him, and firmly gripped Will's hair again.

"Do you want me to come in your mouth? Is that what you would like?" he asked Will.

Will shut his eyes and nodded. He let go of his own cock and dug his fingers into Hannibal's thigh, as Hannibal pushed into his mouth purposefully, thoroughly fucking his mouth now. His lashes were damp and his mascara slightly smudged, as he sighed and gazed up at Hannibal. Will was so yielding yet firm too, and Hannibal thought he'd never seen anything so perfect. He slowed his thrusts and instead pushed in deeper into Will's mouth, holding his head tightly in place, feeling

Will's throat work as he struggled to accommodate him. Hannibal groaned at the sight, and pulled back so just the head of his cock was in Will's mouth, resting on his tongue. Will sucked it hard and laved his tongue over the tip, and then Hannibal was coming thickly into Will's mouth. Will swallowed him down as best as he could, then opened his mouth to lick obscenely at the final few beads of come which welled at the tip. Hannibal gasped through the last throes of his orgasm, releasing his tight hold on Will's hair to gently card through it instead, combing out the tangles he'd twisted into it.

Below him, Will still sat with his knees tucked under himself, panting and flushed and with messy, wet lips. Hannibal slid his thumb fully over the bottom one and then pushed it into Will's mouth. Will sucked it gleefully, running his tongue over the ridges on the pad of Hannibal's thumb. Hannibal pulled it out of his mouth with a small, wet popping sound, and leaned down to kiss him, licking some of the sticky mess from Will's mouth. Will moaned against his lips, and Hannibal broke away to pull them both back down onto the bed.

Will rubbed the back of his hand over his mouth and grinned as Hannibal kissed him again, once on his cheek and once on his swollen lips. Then Hannibal slid down the bed to kiss, lick and gently bite his way over Will's neck to his chest. His nipples were hard and peaked, and Hannibal pinched them through the lace, making Will gasp and keen and rub himself against Hannibal's stomach. Hannibal pushed the material up over his chest so he could take one in his mouth, to feel and taste the ridges of the puckered skin against his tongue. Will's cock was trapped between them, and Hannibal could feel the lace of his panties and his hot wetness leaking over their bellies. He could have Will finish like this, crying out and spurting wet and sticky between them as Hannibal sucked hard on his nipples. It was a delicious idea but Hannibal wanted to taste him, to have Will thrust and spill into his mouth.

Will's panties were now distended by his desperate state, his cock hard and the head exposed above the waistband. Hannibal groaned and pulled them down and off, slowly, enjoying the contrast of his musky, masculine scent and the slide of the lace over his smooth thighs.

When he bent to take Will in his mouth, Will exclaimed loudly and lifted his knees up to press his thighs tightly to Hannibal's sides. Hannibal shifted so Will could hook his legs over Hannibal's shoulders, thighs flexing and squeezing either side of his head, as he swallowed him down in one smooth movement. Will cried out, very close to the edge. Hannibal sought out his hand and entwining their fingers and squeezing, sucking him deep and hard, encouraging him on. Will squeezed his fingers in response and came suddenly, spilling over his tongue, bitter and hot and Hannibal thought he'd never tasted anything so wonderful.

Hannibal lay for a moment, with his head resting on Will's hip and Will's legs still wrapped loosely around him, listening to the huge heaving breaths he took. He was surrounded by Will's warmth, his scents and sounds, skin pressed against his own. Hannibal closed his eyes, feeling like he could go to sleep just like this. Eventually, Will tugged on their still-joined hands and Hannibal went to him, letting Will wrap his arms around him and holding him close.

Will mumbled against his shoulder, "Don't let me fall asleep, I always do, and Bev'll kill me if I don't tell her where I am."

"Is Bev the woman I saw when I took you home? Is she somehow responsible for you?"

"No, Beverly's my roommate. But she couldn't help notice the older man with the Bentley who kissed me goodbye last week. She says I remind her of her little sister."

Hannibal held him a little tighter, and thought about family as he watched Will fall into a light sleep. He allowed him to rest for a while before finally rousing him from it.

Will frowned and protested sleepily and then said petulantly, “I *told* you I'd fall asleep, why did you let me?”

Hannibal smiled indulgently and stroked his hair and said, “You've only been asleep for ten minutes, don't worry.”

Will groaned and rolled out of bed. Hannibal directed him to the shower first, pointing out that another ten minutes wouldn't hurt, and left him to it. In the meantime he changed the sheets and picked up their discarded clothing, wondering if this was where Will would take his leave. He didn’t take long in the bathroom, emerging wrapped in Hannibal’s robe and towelling his hair.

“I hope you don’t mind me borrowing this?” he said, as if it were possible for Hannibal to refuse him.

Hannibal shook his head and watched Will take in the folded clothing and the newly made bed, all evidence of their joyful time together tidied away.

“Is Beverly expecting you home?”

Twisting the towel still in his hands, Will met Hannibal’s eyes. “As I said in your office last week, I’ll stay as long as you allow me to,” he said, smiling softly and almost hopefully.

The sharp pain in Hannibal’s heart came as a surprise. “You should be careful what you wish for - there is a very real danger I’ll never let you leave.”

Will laughed happily, and Hannibal had to kiss him again.

Hannibal awoke early as usual, and spent some time watching how Will's hair was tumbled across the pillow next to him, how young and peaceful he seemed. He inched closer, to run his thumb over his cheek until Will nestled into him with his arms curled up between them and his head on Hannibal's chest. Hannibal felt something click into place, as if something he'd lost had been returned to him. He enclosed Will in his arms and held him tight.

On waking, Will gave him an artless lazy smile, stretched and announced he was hungry. Hannibal kissed him on the forehead and left him in bed, with a spare pair of pyjamas for him to change into should he wish.

Hannibal was standing at the counter when Will arrived in the kitchen, wearing only the pyjama shirt and not much else. He'd tied his hair into two loose pigtails, explaining that it was unruly in

the mornings. Once again, Hannibal found himself fascinated, content to watch as Will explored his kitchen and thinking how unlikely it was he would enjoy anyone else touching his knives and opening drawers uninvited. He was so shifting and unpredictable, his mind lighting fast and so very alive, like quicksilver.

As moved around the room, now holding a cup of coffee, Will said conversationally, “You've never once commented on how I dress.”

“Would you like me to?”

Will grimaced a little, “In my experience, everyone has a comment, one way or another. Whether I’ve painted my nails, or - sometimes worse - when I haven’t. What my hair looks like.” He flashed Hannibal an irreverent grin. “Or how little I’m wearing.”

Hannibal smiled over at him. “I certainly noticed that but you can’t think I would have anything negative to say about it, especially while you’re here with me?”

Will was now kneeling on a chair, leaning on the back of the seat. Hannibal went and stood before him. “Perhaps you think there’s a reason I haven’t mentioned it? You already know I find you very attractive in the clothes I’ve seen you wear, so that can’t be the issue.”

“Are you psychoanalysing me, Dr Lecter?” Will leaned on Hannibal’s shoulders instead, and raised an eyebrow.

“Why don’t you tell me what’s concerning you, then I won’t have to.”

Will sighed. “People… *worry* about what liking me says about them. And I often hear things like *‘if only’*. *‘If only I was gay’* or *‘if only I was straight then I just know I’d fall in love with you’*. I’m always too much of one thing and not enough of another. I know you like me as I am today, but it’s not always pigtails and nail varnish. Sometimes I like to fix things and get covered in engine grease or go fishing or I just want to wear jeans and sneakers.”

“Women do those things too.”

“When women do them they still look like women. I look masculine. And I like it too.”

“And I imagine you are just as beautiful when you do. I very much look forward to finding out all the different facets of your character and all the different ways you can surprise me.”

Will looked up searchingly into Hannibal’s face for a long moment, checking the veracity of that statement. He must have found what he was looking for because he reached a hand up to Hannibal’s neck and pulled him down into a long, slow kiss.

As it ended, Hannibal said, “So this morning, you dressed deliberately provocatively, for my benefit.” He reached around to tug lightly the hem of Will’s shirt, which fell just below the curve of his ass.

“Partly. It’s for my benefit too,” Will admitted with a smile. “And I have a small confession to make, if we’re being honest with each other.”

“Which is?”

“The book. The library actually managed to source a copy the day before I came to interview you. I never needed to borrow it.”

Hannibal growled softly into his mouth and slid his hands up over Will’s hip to squeeze his ass under the shirt. “You are impossible and I’m very glad of it.” He brushed his mouth over Will’s, then pulled back suddenly. “All that time that you spent in my waiting room, you were waiting for me to come to you?”

Will grinned. “Maybe once I text Bev to let her know you didn't murder me in my sleep, you can take me back to bed and make it up to me?”

End Notes

In case you can't tell, Will's book is entirely fictional :)

Find the timestamps series here. And for a complete list of stories and for easy viewing of all the art, we made a Quicksilver website.

I'm on tumblr and twitter (and very occasionally on pillowfort and dreamwidth).

I also write my own fiction which you can learn more about here.

Works inspired by this one

[Restricted Work] by TheSeaVoices, Weconqueratdawn

Quicksilver (podfic) by Caveat_Lector

Making Headlines by maydei

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